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NELLIE, THE BEAUTIFUL CLOAK MODEL ✓

Photoplay in Seven reels ✓

From the play by Owen Davis ✓

Directed by Emmett Flynn ✓

Author of the photoplay (under Section 62)

Goldwyn Pictures Corporation of the U.S. ✓

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Copyright Synopsis

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"NELLIE, THE BEAUTIFUL CLOAK MODEL"

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HELLIE, THE BEAUTIFUL GLOAK MODEL.

by
Owen Davis.

(Copyright synopsis.)

In five years, Robert Horton had risen from obscurity on a Texas ranch to a position of wealth and power in the oil industry.

It is late in the Fall of 1907 in New York. In his home on Riverside Drive, Horton is impatiently awaiting someone. The butler bids him goodnight, enters the bedroom of Horton's little daughter Allyn, an only child, to place an additional comfort^{er} over her, and goes to his own room to retire.

Horton's cousin, Richard Lipton, had left his employ and hidden the heartbreak caused him when Horton married the girl they both loved. Lipton, following instructions, enters Horton's library through a window and confronts his cousin. There is a striking resemblance between the two men, although Horton walks with a noticeable limp. Horton is careworn, his nervous agitation in strong contrast with the quiet strength of Lipton.

"You told me to come through the window. What do you want?" asks Lipton.

"I didn't want anyone to know you came here, Dick," replies Horton. "I'm on the verge of collapse. I must go away for a rest --

a complete change. You know the oil business as well as I do. We're facing a panic. If I go away, if my condition becomes known, my rivals will ruin me! You're my double. I want you to take my place here for a year."

"Why, Bob," exclaims Lipton, "that's impossible!"

"It's very simple," says Horton. "Shave your moustache, part your hair as I do, assume my limp, and you'll be Robert Horton."

"But Marguerite -- your wife!"

"She's on her way to Europe," explains Horton. "I had the doctor make her go abroad for a year. To avoid gossip, I made her leave the child here. The public will never know.---We were boyhood pals, loved the same girl, and although I won her we've always been friends. Don't forsake me now!"

"If Marguerite ever found it out, what would she think?" persists Lipton. "I can't do it, Bob!"

"Look at me, Dick!" cries Horton. "I've already been crippled by one stroke. You know what another will mean! If you won't do it for me, do it for Marguerite and the baby! For their sake help me!"

Lipton is won by the despairing man's last plea. "For their sake, Bob, I'll try."

Horton thereupon instructs Lipton in the well-known Horton limp. The two men stand before the mirror. They are of equal height and proportions. They exchange clothes. With the additional changes suggested by Horton, Lipton might be Horton himself. "Amazing!" exclaims Horton delightedly, "Why, Dick, you're Robert Horton to a 'T'!" He slips off his ring and gives it to Lipton. The two men, played by the same actor, appear in the same scene and one man is seen to pass

directly behind the other (a trick shot). As he disappears by the window through which Lipton came, he says in parting, "Goodbye, Robert Horton, don't forget the limp!"

Amazed and somewhat confused by his strange bargain, Lipton tries the limp experimentally, schools himself to remember, and goes to look at the sleeping child of the woman he still loves.

On the deck of an ocean liner, Mrs. Robert Horton regards lovingly the picture in her locket of the child she is leaving behind on her enforced journey.

A year rushes by. It is the night set for the return of the real Robert Horton. Lipton is frolicking with the child, Allyn, on his back. "Your mother is coming home tomorrow, dear," he tells her. "I love my mama," replies Allyn, "and I love you too, Daddy." It is apparent Lipton loves the child as though she were his own, and that Allyn, with a baby's trust, has accepted him as her father. Allyn rides up to bed on the butler's back, and Lipton goes to keep his vigil for Horton's return. It is two minutes past midnight. He lays the ring and his wallet on the table. Horton enters by the library window. He has apparently become a misanthropic scrooge. "Welcome home, Bob!" cries Lipton heartily. "It's been a long year. I'm ready to go." Horton is surly. "Things have changed for me," he replies. "I've found a woman I really love, and I'm going back to her tonight." Little Allyn, in her nightdress, enters the room. She goes direct to Lipton and takes his hand murmuring "Daddy!" Horton watches with a vicious gleam in his eyes. "You can't fool the instinct of a child!" he snarls. "This is the proof. She belongs to you!" Lipton stands horrified and amazed. "You fool!" continues Horton. "Would I have sent Marguerite

away had I not suspected you both?" "You did that--and yet--with your wife coming home tomorrow, you want me to remain here as Robert Horton?" cries Lipton. "Not on your life!" retorts Horton. "Robert Horton dies tonight, and the world believes you are Robert Horton!" He draws his gun. "And what's more, your child dies with you!" Allyn clings to Lipton in fright. Lipton shields her with his body and dodges as Horton fires. A sudden paralytic seizure deflects Horton's aim and the bullet passes harmlessly. Horton collapses to the floor, his limbs twitching helplessly. Lipton swiftly places Allyn in another room and drags the stricken Horton into an adjoining bedroom. When the night-sapped butler, alarmed by the shot, hastens into the library he finds Lipton calmly at his desk. "It's nothing, Jordan," Lipton reassures him, "just the back-fire of an automobile."

All night long, Lipton balances his love for the child against Horton's threat to destroy her. Early that morning, sitting on a park bench with Allyn in his arms, Lipton looks over a stranger's shoulder to see big headlines announcing Allyn's disappearance:

**HEIRESS TO MILLIONS DISAPPEARS ON
NYPH OF MOTHER'S RETURN FROM EUROPE.**

**Vivid crescent-shaped scar on
forehead of young heiress.**

**Father of child, noted financier,
found in complete state of collapse
from struggle with kidnaper.**

**Big reward offered. Police scour
city**

A picture of little Allyn accompanies the article.

A policeman approaches. Lipton brushes back Allyn's curls and sees the scar. He gathers her up and hurries away.

In the Horton library, Mrs. Horton and physicians are in

consultation over Horton's condition. "It may be well to conceal his condition from the public," they advise her, "but he will never recover his speech or the use of his limbs." Horton lies huddled in his chair, utterly helpless. Mrs. Horton goes to Allyn's room, and sinks, grief-stricken, upon the empty bed.

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Fifteen years, like a shuttle, flies. Long skirts, short skirts, long hair, bobbed hair, hansom cab, taxicab....Fifth Avenue, 1925.

An ambulance careens down Fifth Avenue. Somewhere in its wake scuttles a taxicab, threading a hectic path through the traffic. Its driver dexterously contrives to chew a wad of gum, keep an eye on the street and on the girl beside him -- all at the same time. They are Shorty Burchell (as is) and Polly Joy, a dresser in Madame Dorette's Fifth Avenue shop. Shorty had given Polly a lift one rainy morning and skidded right into her heart. "Gee, Shorty," breathes Polly admiringly as they brush a delivery wagon, "you missed him!"

Since the night of Allyn's disappearance, Richard Lipton has been known as John Gray, bookkeeper. Allyn has been reared as his daughter Nellie, and her love and devotion have been his greatest happiness.

Nellie runs to the window of their tenement flat when she hears the ambulance arrive and cries "Daddy!" in alarm as she recognizes Lipton on the stretcher. Shorty and Polly arrive a moment later and follow the attendants bearing the stretcher upstairs. Nellie falls on her knees beside Lipton. The attendant reassures her. "Just a weak heart, simply a matter of complete rest and no

work." "Complete rest and no work!" repeats Pelly impertinently.
"Say, mister, they ain't nothin' simple about that!"

Through all the years, the grief-stricken mother has never relinquished the thought that some day her child would be found. Horton, a wreck in an invalid's wheel-chair, is attended by a nurse. Horton's nephew, Walter Peck, the only known heir to the Horton millions, is alarmed by an item in the stock reports:

HEAVY SALES FORCED EASTLAKE COPPER TO
A STEADY DECLINE, AND THE MARKET CLOSED
WEAK AT 84, WITH LITTLE PROSPECT OF
RECOVERY UNTIL AFTER THE COMPANY TAKES
ACTION ON ITS QUARTERLY DIVIDEND.

He goes at once to Mrs. Horton, hiding his concern under an assumed and shifty-eyed affection. He suavely kisses her hand and says confidently, "Aunt, some investments in uptown real estate have run me a little short. Could you loan me ten thousand, temporarily?" Mrs. Horton's gentle eyes regard him searchingly. "Are you quite sure it is real estate, Walter?" she asks. "Just as sure, Aunt," replies Walter, "as you are the dearest woman in the world." With a sigh, Mrs. Horton writes out the check and gives it to him. She shows him a letter she has just received:

Your daughter is well and happy.

A Friend.

"Every year," explains Mrs. Horton, "on Allyn's birthday, I've received one of these notes, and I'm afraid to even think that this year...." Her eyes fill with tears.

Pelly's flat is just across the hall from Nellie's. Shorty

rooms on the floor above---but dines on the floor below, with Polly. They finish their dinner, carry the plates to the sink and go out on the fire-escape for their daily dozen. They argue over their exercises. "It says so in Professor Swaybody's Correspondence School Book!" defends Shorty. "Aw," says Polly, "that guy don't know nothin'!" Shorty strides out in a huff. "I'll get even with you, see if I don't!" cries Polly as the door closes on him.

Jack Carroll, a stock-broker's clerk, is in love with Nellie, and vice versa. They go out on the fire-escape and Jack pleads, "Why can't we be married now, Nellie. Then I could care for you both." "No, Jack," says Nellie, "it wouldn't be fair to you. We must wait awhile."

In her flat, Polly drops her wall-bed with a thump. "Polly must be going to bed," smiles Nellie. Polly opens her door and pensively watches Jack kiss Nellie goodnight. Nellie enters Polly's flat, sits on her bed and crashes to the floor. "This bed's got the HeeBee JeeBee," explains Polly and straightens the leg. Nellie is troubled. "Polly," she confides, "dad may be sick a long time, and I want to go to work. What would you do?" Polly thoughtfully regards Nellie's slim figure and golden hair. "Why not start as a model?" she suggests. "With your face and figure you can make more dough than a Third Avenue baker! Say," she cries enthusiastically, "it's the bird's paradise! One word from me and they'll start you in our shop tomorrow....Focus me, kid, and I'll give you the lowdown!" Polly struts the room in approved model fashion. Nellie awkwardly imitates her. "Head up--look Ritzy!" directs Polly. "Remember the tooth paste ad, 'Your smile is your fortune.'" Nellie shies. "We're modelin'--

not roller-skatin'," says Pelly.

Next morning Pelly and Nellie enter the Fifth Avenue Shop of Madame Dorette. Miss Drake is the satin-clad manager. Before her hard gaze, Pelly loses her bravado. "Miss Drake, I-I-I," she falters, and, seeing Miss Drake's eyes on Nellie, scurries to the dressing room. Nellie modestly announces her desire to be a model. Miss Drake's eyes sweep her from head to foot. "You'll do," she says curtly. Following Miss Drake to the dressing-room, Nellie stumbles over her train. "You'll learn," says Miss Drake cuttingly, and, to the dresser, indicating Nellie, "Dress her!" "Well, I told you," says Pelly jubilantly when they are alone, "one word from me!"

Jack Carroll is chief clerk in the office of John Kessie and Company, stockbrokers. Walter Peck hands him a check. "Here's a check for ten thousand to cover my margins on Eastlake Copper."

Miss Drake is showing models to morning customers when Madame Dorette himself, in the form of the perfectly groomed Walter Peck, enters. Rita, the star model, is another of his investments. Peck enters his private office with a "Good Morning, Dear!" for his stenographer. She carries a copy of "Three Weeks" under her arm. She is a pretty girl and Peck solicitously pushes a loosened hairpin back into place for her.

Peck enters the dressing-room. He stands behind Nellie, the new model, sitting before the mirror. Miss Drake darts a venomous glance toward Pelly, who promptly disappears, but not without first registering her hatred of Peck. Peck takes Nellie into his private office. "I've brought you in here to tell you that you're

going to have a great future in my establishment....Are you single?" Nellie nods her head. He continues, "You remind me very much of somebody I've known..I don't know who. I believe we're going to get along fine!" Nellie returns to the dressing-room, somewhat bewildered by her good fortune. "Just like an orchid," Peck tells Miss Drake. "Keep her under cover until our Fall Fashion Bazaar."

Jack and Nellie, Shorty and Polly, spend a Sunday in the wilds of Jersey. The two couples are enjoying themselves. "Don't you think Polly has a lovely voice?" Nellie asks Jack. Polly is singing, "We have (drawing of string beans), AND (drawing of onions), AND (drawing of cabbages), AND (drawing of pears, apples and grapes), AND (drawing of cucumbers, carrots and tomatoes), AND (drawing of potatoes), ----HIT, Yes, we have no bananas!...."

Polly should have been in the Weather Bureau. Her prophecy comes true. In less than a month Nellie is a success. Miss Drake and Peck regard her admiringly in a stunning street costume. "By the way," says Peck casually, "I'm going to make you a present of that gown. Just a matter of business," he adds hastily as Nellie hesitates, "All my models must be well-dressed."

Peck receives an urgent telephone call from Jack Carroll. He consults his stenographer. "My broker insists on having five thousand today. Can we make it?" "It would leave us terribly short," she replies, "a large number of bills, and the premiums on your insurance policies are overdue." Nita enters, elaborately gowned. "How about a little check, dearie?" she asks Peck. He hustles Nita into a side-room and detains Nellie a moment before leaving. "My car is waiting to take you home," he tells her. Nita reaches the door in time to see Nellie enter Peck's limousine and drive off.

She is furious with jealousy. Dagen is the evil-faced driver of Peck's car. He knows as much about Peck's business as Peck does himself.

Polly also sees Nellie's departure. "A taxi, James!" she directs the doorman. "Be yourself!" he says goodnaturedly. But Polly insists. He hails a taxi, and Shorty drives up. "Get up here where you belong!" commands Shorty, and Polly obediently clambers over the seat to sit beside him. "Stop it," cries Polly as Shorty dodges the traffic, "before we get pinched!"

Peck consults his aunt about more "uptown real estate." "I'm sorry, Walter," says Mrs. Horton, "but I must keep the estate intact for Allyn. If I ever receive proof of her death, then my fortune will go to you." "But how could you identify her, after fifteen years?" he asks incredulously. "I should always know her, Walter," she replies, "There is a crescent-shaped scar on the left side of her forehead." "Auntie," pleads Peck, "I'm in a terrible hole. Help me this once, and I'm sure I'll be able to pay it all back." "No, Walter," says Mrs. Horton firmly, "I've made up my mind."

The cover is lifted from the orchid. A fashionable gathering, composed for the greater part of men, awaits the appearance of the models on the small stage in Peck's salon. The program announces,

1925
Fall Fashion Promenade

Mme. Dorette
Fifth Avenue
New York.

The curtains part, revealing a girl in bathing suit;

another in riding habit; a third in evening gown. One fatuous youth in the audience consults his mirror and straightens his tie. Peck is nervously awaiting Nellie's appearance. He turns to Miss Drake. "Don't let Nellie suspect that there are any men present. As soon as the models finish, dismiss them, and you may go!" Miss Drake smiles and lowers her eyes understandingly. The program turns to

THE SULTAN'S DELIGHT

A maid removes Nita's cloak, showing her in oriental costume. In the audience an old codger twirls his moustache; another readjusts his glasses. Nita directs her smiles toward Peck, but he angrily gestures her to attend to business.

The program turns to

THE PINK ORCHID.

The lights go out, the curtains part and Nellie, in fluffy dress and drooping hat and parasol, is revealed.

(In Shorty's taxi, at the curb outside the shop, Jack and Shorty wait for Nellie and Pelly. "It's eleven o'clock," says Jack, "they should be out any minute.")

The program turns to

THE ORCHID'S Boudoir.

A maid removes Nellie's gown, leaving Nellie standing in delectable silk lingerie. There is a general craning of necks in the audience. One man staggers to the light switch and turns it on. As the men in the audience rise, Nellie gives one wild look about her, runs into the dressing-room and throws on a wrap. Peck, standing on the edge of the audience, drops his cigarette and hurries to the dressing-room. Nita detains him in his private office. "I thought

"I was to be the star of this show!" she storms. Peck stuffs a handkerchief into her mouth and locks her in another room. He finds Nellie weeping and kneels pleadingly at her side. When he attempts to kiss her, she indignantly slaps his face. Grasping her roughly, Peck covers her face with kisses. Nellie's hair is in disorder, revealing a scar on her forehead. Peck sees it and remembers his aunt's words. A crescent-shaped scar! The haunting resemblance he could not place! Can this be Allyn Horton?

Peck's cigarette sets fire to the curtain in the salon. In a minute the place is in a blast. The audience flees in panic. Polly yells "FIRE!" The alarm is given and the fire department speeds to the rescue. Shorty and Jack rush into the shop to find Nellie and Polly. Pandemonium reigns. Peck brings Rita to safety. Shorty and Jack rescue Nellie and Polly. The flimsy structure collapses in flames.

Peck, next morning, receives bad news at his apartment. His insurance agent is on the 'phone: "I've just discovered," he informs him, "that your fire insurance policies were cancelled the day before yesterday for non-payment of the premium. Your shop is a total loss."

A telegram comes for Peck from his brokers:

Unless we receive your check before noon
will close you out.

John Massie & Co.

In desperation, Peck remembers Nellie, and the scar on her forehead. She is the only obstacle between him and the Horton millions.

That night, unconscious of her impending danger, Nellie is at home washing out her stockings. There is a knock, and a stranger informs her Jack Carroll has been seriously injured. He has sent a taxi for her. Nellie assures herself that "Daddy" is asleep and

leaves hurriedly.

Rock, meanwhile, disguises his voice and telephones Jack that Mr. Hattie is ill and wishes to see him at once.

Hellie sees Dugan's sinister face as she is about to step into the waiting taxi, and screams. Polly hears in her flat above, and from her window sees Hellie roughly forced into the taxi. Polly hurries into her clothes, runs up to awaken Shorty and drags him down the stairs, half-dressed, to go in pursuit. "Can't you get it through your bean?" she repeats impatiently. "Hellie's been kidnaped!" They hop into Shorty's taxi and pursue the kidnappers.

Jack Carroll, meanwhile, learns at Hattie's home that he is not ill and did not send for him. He meets Shorty and Polly, learns of Hellie's disappearance and continues the search. Shorty and Polly return to the tenement to tell her father what has happened. He sinks back, weak and despairing, on his couch. Polly consoles him, saying, "Jack is searching everywhere, Mr. Gray. I know he'll find her."

Dugan, meanwhile, locks Hellie in a cell in an underworld dive. "Red, that dame belongs to my boss, so don't let your yen for blondes get the best of you!" Dugan warns one of the boss's gambling in an outer room.

Rock arrives at the dive and enters Hellie's cell. "Now, dear," he says soothingly, "don't worry. As soon as my car arrives I'll take you right home." Rock looks the cell and goes to Rita, who has followed him in a taxi. "What do you mean -- following me?" he demands angrily. "Get in here and shut up!" flashes Rita, dragging him into the taxi. She takes him to her

apartment, looks him in with her and launches on a tirade. She conceals the key in her slipper.

Jack's car barely misses a limousine and crashes into a lamp post. He continues his search on foot. It is early morning, and Nellie is hidden somewhere in the maze of streets.

At the tenement, Mipton, Shorty and Pelly have fallen asleep during their vigil. At every step on the stair, every knock on the door, they are hopeful it is Nellie. This time it is only the paper boy. "Well," reads Shorty, trying to be cheerful, "the Yanks win, but to nothin'!" "He cares about baseball!" snorts Pelly. "All right," replies Shorty goodnaturedly, "I'll try something else! Robert Horton, prominent financier, dead from apoplexy." Mipton starts from his daze. "How that I could take Nellie back to her mother," he mourns, "she's gone, and we may never find her." "Nellie's mother!" exclaims Pelly. "Yes, Mrs. Horton is Nellie's mother. I must go to her at once!" Mipton tries to rise but his strength is not equal to the undertaking. "Go for her!" he says to Shorty and Pelly, "Tell her that Dick Mipton wants her, and begs her to come here at once!"

Satisfying himself that Nita is sound asleep, Peck finds the key in her slipper, noiselessly leaves and returns to the dive.

While Shorty waits for Pelly and Mrs. Horton to emerge from the Horton home, he fills the vase in his taxi with flowers from a nearby garbage can. On the way back to the tenement, Shorty's motor stalls. The elevated track is just overhead. "We'll take the 'L' Express--see you later!" says Pelly hurrying Mrs. Horton out of the taxi and up the steps.

Red enters Nellie's cell and attacks her. She puts up a

brave fight but is knocked unconscious by a chair flung by one of the men. Peck enters the dive, takes in the situation and says to Red, "This is no time for that stuff. Put her on the Express track, and work fast!" Peck's henchmen carry Nellie to the upper story, lift her out of the window and tie her to the track. One of her hands lies near the deadly third rail.

Jack, prowling in the neighborhood, sees Peck enter the dive and follows. He breaks in the door a moment after Nellie is taken upstairs. "Where is Nellie?" demands Jack. "Upstairs," replies Peck. Jack starts for the door, and the two men clinch.

The motorman on the express train bearing Polly and Mrs. Horton is stricken with heart disease. The control lever falls from his nerveless fingers to the track below. Passengers note something is wrong when the train flashes past the waiting people at the station. The conductor goes forward and finds the motorman dead. Polly forces her way forward, learns of the trouble and the missing control lever. "The air control is gone," explains the conductor, "and I can't stop the train." Polly finds a plumber with a bag of tools on board and hands the conductor a monkey wrench.

Jack, still struggling with Peck, works his way upstairs to the window from which Nellie is visible. As they batter each other, the express comes in view. The conductor works desperately to stop it. Polly and Mrs. Horton's horrified gaze falls on Nellie. The train rushes on and stops at the moment when Nellie's death seems inevitable. The wheels are within a few inches of her inert form - Polly and Mrs. Horton hurry out. Jack leaps over the fire-escape and releases Nellie from her bonds. Nellie comes to consciousness to

hear Polly's happy voice say, "And what do you think? We've found your mother!" Mrs. Horton takes Nellie in her arms.

A happy reunion follows at the tenement. "Well, folks," says Shorty, "we gotta go to work!"

The play is over. A theatre curtain descends, and scenes of the audience show this to have been a stage melodrama - One by one the characters of the play pass before the curtain. They are greeted with jeers or cheers, according to their popularity. The audience leaves the theatre. Outside, the lights of the Capitol Theatre announce the current attraction, "NELLIE, THE BEAUTIFUL CLOAK MODEL."

-The end-

Alice D. G. Miller
1.15.24

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